

The Pocahontas Times.

Vol No 26

Marlinton, Pocahontas Co., West Virginia, February 3 1910

\$1.00 A Year

A Fox Chase.

(From Wyoming Mountaineer)

The Monroe, Greenbrier and Summers papers a few weeks since reported the death of Addison R. Gwinn, at his home on Wolf Creek in Monroe county, at the age of 82 years. He was the son of James Gwinn, Sr., who lived and raised his large family near the River View Presbyterian church in Summers county. If we recollect right there were seven boys and two girls in the family. The boys were Norman, Ad, Bill, Oliver, Rube, Andy and big Ed. Ed was the baby boy and stood 6 feet 4 and 1-2 inches in his socks. Our recollection was that Bill was the "runt" or little one of the boys, and does not stand over six feet.

"Norman" and "Ad" when about grown spent much of their spare time in the winter hunting foxes and running foot races. Col. Wm. Ellis once asked Ad which one could outrun. Ad said that was a little hard to answer; he thought his first five miles Norman would have the best of it, but after that he could outwind him.

But to our story, as it was told to the writer and others many times by Mr. Gwinn, and as nearly in his language as we can recollect.

"I, I, it was this way boys. There was a big red fox lived close, and was a great nuisance, especially stealing chickens, geese and young lambs. Norm and me knew he was there. He had a toe or two had been pinched off in a steel trap, which showed plainly in his tracks. We set our traps and fixed our bait every conceivable way. Some how or other he would locate the trap and lay down and roll over it in such a way as to throw it, then to show his disgust, would make a deposit on the trap, take our bait and depart.

We had chased him with hounds till we knew well his circuit or circle and method of back-tracking, to fool the dogs, and the very point he would pass.

One morning the snow was about eight inches deep on a level and a light crust on it. Norm and me started out early to look at our traps and feed the stock. We passed by the carcass of a dead sheep to see if any varment had been taking a night lunch of mutton. There were the sign that old cripple toe had just left after filling himself with an enormous mess of mutton. A council of war was held quickly. Norm says to me, now says he that fox has not gone far with that much meat in his belly. He's laid down and gone to sleep right close here and I believe we can run him down and catch him. You see says he, he didn't break the crust as he came in but as he left he has. His mutton makes him a heap heavier. Now when he runs he will break through every jump.

I, I, says I, but after we start him if we give him a few minutes to rest he'll vomit up all that meat and then he's gone.

That's true, says Norman, but he's not to stop that long. Let's get ready. We took off our coats, tied our yarn gaiters well around us and laced our moccasins a fresh. You see Norm and me wouldn't wear shoes except on Sunday and meetin' days; they were too hard and solid in the sole to run with. Now Ad, says Norm, I'll take the first heat; he'll be sure to take up the ridge toward Ross', then turn down toward Hinchman's, cross the divide and take the ridge toward the river at Long Andy's, then turn up the ridge back to Keller's (now Lowell on the C & O) then up the ridge and back here. If he does, says Norm, you run out to the low gap on the side of Hinchman's and wait till the fox comes, fall in right after him and I will come back to this low gap and wait. Well, I, I, all our plans laid we started, and hadn't gone but a short distance until we jump ad him. A way went the fox and Norm close after him; sure enough he took up the long ridge toward Ross'. I cut across to the stand at Hinchman's. Directly here

came the fox with Norm close after him. A way we went up the p'int and down the long ridge, then to the right for nearly a mile, then he took the home track for two miles, when Norm dropped in for a second heat.

On my second round I found I was losing my wind, but the fox was too. By this time the sun was shining warm and the crust on the snow began to soften. This didn't bother us any more than it did the fox. Bye and bye I saw it was in our favor. He was beginning to drag his tail, and I knew that as soon as it got full of water and snow it would be a heap heavier to carry or drag. On we went up hill the fox would gain a little and down hill we'd get it back. I just tell you boys, you'll never know how bad I wanted to stop and rest just five minutes sometimes, but the fox did too, and if he got a chance to throw up that mutton, by jings he was gone. On we went. On my third heat that fox tried a trick that was his undoing. He tried a nigh cut down a hill that gave me an advantage. I, I, boys, you see my legs were the longest and my tail wasn't loaded down with snow. I got close enough to give him a kick in the stern that turned him about three summersets. He lit in the snow on his back and his head toward me. He wasn't able to get up before I was on him. Norm and me took him home, where we arrived between 10 and 11 o'clock. We told mother how we caught him, and jings, don't you think she made us both get out in the yard and walk around the house till dinner, for fear if we set down and cooled of we couldn't walk at all, and she was right."

A. R. Gwinn was a good citizen, a good neighbor and a good man. His brother Norman died about the beginning of the civil war, leaving his brother, no doubt the only man in West Virginia who could truthfully say he had caught a red fox in a fair foot race.

The idea of it taking two men to run down a fox! We know an instance where a half grown boy ran a fox to hole in a few hours.

The boy, E. M. Smith, has since grown to manhood, is now the proprietor of a flourishing barber shop in the town of Marlinton, and don't consider himself much of a runner, either.

An old fox had been helping himself too liberally to his mother's geese and "Dick" Smith had vowed to kill him if he would come some night when there was a snow. A good snow finally covered the ground and that very night the old fox came and at a up another goose. Dick cut himself a good sized fishing pole and took the trail, followed by an old shepherd dog. He followed it around until he found the old fox intended to go to a den. He went there and although it was in January he heard young foxes in the hole and "twisted" out two cubs and three more came out. There were others in the hole, for he heard them. As he was securing the little ones, he heard a commotion; the old dog began to growl, and looking up, he saw the old fox on the bank looking at them. The dog turned his hair the wrong way and made for home at great speed.

Dick then got ready to give the old fox a chase for her life. Round the hills about Edray, across to Indian Draft, down Drinnan ridge over and across and back to Indian Draft, in the road and out of it. In the snow he would gain on the fox, but in the open road she would out run him. Finally it was a sight race down Indian Draft, and Dick was getting ready to swipe her one with his pole when the fox came to a track Dick had made in one of their rounds. The fox got in the broken way and out distanced him up the hill. Up the pike they went again, and in the road until a sled came along and the fox gave the road; out it the deep snow and then back in the road following the sled. Finally, it was another sight race down the hollow and Dick got in

reaching distance and fetched her a lick several times with the pole he had carried for that very purpose. The fox stuck her head down as if to stand on her head, then slid out of sight under the snow. Investigation showed she had taken refuge in a hollow of a tree. The hole was so situated that the fox would eat the stick off every time he would try to "twist" her out. Stopping the hole, Dick went home for dogs and an axe. He brought a good fighting dog and the old shepherd that had run away. He chopped a hole so a dog could get his head in, and feeling unkindly toward the old shepherd seeked him on. The dog thought the fox was in the shape he liked to have his foxes and went to with good spirit. The fox laid hold of the poor old dog's nose and well nigh ruined him before he could pull loose. The good fighting dog then pushed to the front and received like punishment, but Dick did what he could to help him. Dick then chopped the fox out and let the dogs have recompense for their punishment.

The above is no fairy tale but an actual fact, vouched for by Mr. Smith, and well remembered by us and the people of the Edray vicinity.

The New Road Law.

Went Into Effect on the First of January

Since the first day of January the public roads in every county in West Virginia have been made and worked entirely under a new law for which the road law passed by the last legislature provides.

The new law provides that the County Road Engineer shall on or before the first day of January, 1910, make a map of the county showing the district lines and his recommendation as to the size and boundary of the precincts. It is also his duty to advise the county court as to what road work, in his opinion, should be let under contract, that it is sold in sections to the lowest bidder or to individuals by private contract, if the same can be done to a better advantage. Upon receiving this information it shall be the duty of the county court to proceed to divide each magisterial district into two or more precincts of as nearly as practical equal extent and number them.

The road engineer has the power to employ an agent, or agents, in the various road precincts, with the consent of the county court, to oversee any work done in the district on the roads, and has the right to discharge any of them at his pleasure. These agents will carry out the work according to the direction of the county road engineer and shall receive for his compensation the prevailing wages in the community in which the work is done, but not to exceed five dollars per day.

The roads are to be sold out in sections to be kept in proper repair, and any one failing to comply with his contract forfeits his right to his pay.

The system will be on trial this year, and if it proves a success it will be continued, and if a failure it will be relegated to the political scrap pile, which has already grown very large.

The state printing commission held a session Saturday and after some deliberation selected Cal. F. Young to draft a bill to be included in the report to the Governor, with the recommendation that the printing of the state be regulated after the manner prescribed in the bill drafted by him in 1901, at the request of the West Virginia Editorial Association, but which was not presented to the legislature in the hurry of the closing session. Mr. Young was also selected to draft the uniform printing bill which will be presented to the next legislature upon the recommendation of the commission after it has been approved by the Governor. This bill will regulate all the printing of the state and bring it under the supervision of one controlling body.

COMPANY F 19th VIRGINIA CAVALRY

BY W. H. CACKLEY & J. S. JACKSON
Colonel William L. Jackson, dead.
Lieut. Colonel W. P. Thompson, dead.
Capt. Wm. L. McNeel, dead.
First Lieut. G. W. Siple, dead.
Second Lieut. J. Woods Price.
Third Lieut. John J. Bear, dead.
PRIVATEES.
Arbogast, Paul, dead.
Armentrout, Charles from Rock bridge county, Va.
Bruffey, William Ordly Sergt.
Beard, Charles W. dead.
Barnett, Stephen.
Bennett, Granville Lewis Co.
Bennett, Levi.
Burner, Charles C.
Brown, Robt. from Washington
Cackley, William H.
Carper, Hugh dead.
Callison, Thomas E.
Cochran, George J. dead.
Cochran, Samuel.
Cochran, Thomas.
Coulter, George dead.
Collins, William dead.
Clark, Samuel T. dead.
Clark, James Augusta Co., Va.
Dorman, Hiram dead.
Ervin, William H. lives in Mo.
Edmiston, Richard M. went west.
Edmiston, Abraham dead.
Galford, Harrison from Upshur
Galford, James.
Gillispie, William went west.
Gun, John E.
Gammon, Cyrus H.
Hartman, William went west.
Hamilton, Charles from Bath.
Hanna, Robert.
Heavener, Uriah.
Heavener, Samuel.
Hull, Joseph dead.
Jackson, George W. lives in Ohio.
Jackson, John S.
Kennon, William.
Kennon, Nathaniel.
Kerr, David dead.
Kerr, James.
Kerr, Jacob dead.
Kerr, Andrew dead.
Kyle, Sinclair Augusta county, Virginia, dead.
Kellison, Joseph A.
Kellison, Charles.
Kellison Samuel C.
Kincaid, Anthony.
Lockridge, James T. dead.
Ligon, Dr. John.
Lewis, Christie dead.
Lowry, Robert dead.
McNeel, George S. dead.
McNeel, Andrew G. dead.
McNeel, Mathew John.
McNeel, John Adam.
McDevitt, John dead.
McKeever, Allen.
McCoy, Washington.
McCoy, Noah.
McLaughlin, George of Stony Bottom.
McCart, Dee Webster Co.
Morrison, James dead.
Murphy, Thomas Webster Co., killed in Valley.
Overholt, William H.
Phillips, George dead.
Pollard, George R. dead.
Price, J. Calvin.
Price, James H. dead.
Poage, William H. killed at Danville, Va.
Payne, William.
Puffenbarger, James killed at Fishers Hill.
Pullins, Adam dead.
Pugh, Wilson.
Pugh, Kertis.
Ruckman, Sidney dead.
Ruckman, Charles dead.
Rider, Hesakiah dead.
Rousy, Dr. Hanover Co. Va.
Ramsey, —
Ruckman, James W. dead.
Stulting, Nicholas dead.
Sutton, Samuel J.
Sutton, George M.
Slavin, Lanty dead.
Slavin, Randolph dead.
Sharp, Henry killed on Elk Shisler James.
Sheets, William dead.
Shiffet, Sam Augusta county.
Sharp, Andrew.
Taylor, William.
Taylor, George.
Umphreys Madison.
Vanrenen, John.
Woodell, Jacob dead.
Woodell, Preston.
Wilfong, John.
Wilfong, David.
Waltson, Frank.
Wilmoth, W. L. dead.
Wilkeson, Alfred, from Va.



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A Lincoln Penny.

She was only a little girl and she did not know much about history, except that she had been taught from the cradle to love Robert E. Lee. She had heard, too, of Lincoln, and in the books she read there had been no attempt to paint him as a scoundrel or treacherous villain. She knew that one time he had been President of the United States, and that somehow he and Lee had been arrayed against each other. She did not understand it—perhaps she never will—both men to her were great and clean and spotless.

On Lee's birthday at one of the public schools of this city the children wished to contribute to a fund for a monument to him. They brought their little savings and gave them cheerfully, glad to be able to do even so little in honor of their hero, the South's hero. This one little girl had only a penny, and when it came time to give that she hesitated. She had not thought of it before, but suddenly it occurred to her that she must beware lest she commit an impropriety. "Please, teacher," she said, "will it be all right for me to give a Lincoln penny?"

We cannot all give Lincoln pennies that will count as that one did. How wondrously did that little gift express the feeling of the great mass of Americans! The coin with the head of the war President was to be used to assist in the erection of a monument to the great Confederate leader in that war, and who can doubt that Lincoln and Lee, if they saw the deed, felt that surely they had neither gone through the strife in vain. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings" comes the answer to the years of toil. This single Lincoln penny was worth more than any great sum of money because of the simplicity of the lesson it taught and the magnanimity of the spirit which it manifested.—The Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier.

The Work of the "Devil."

It wasn't a Missouri editor but a printers devil, who was going through his first experience of making up forms. The paper was late, and he got the galleys mixed. The last part of the obituary notice had been dumped in the forms, and the next handful of type came off a galley describing a recent fire. It read like this: "The pall bearers lowered the body to the grave, and as it was consigned to the flames there were few if any regrets, for the old wreck had been an eyesore to the town for years. Of course there was an individual loss, but that was fully covered by insurance." The widow thinks the editor wrote the obituary that way because the lamented partner of her joys and sorrows owed on subscription.—Ex West Virginia News.

Samuel C. Kellison, aged 76 years, died at the home of Mr. Noah McCoy, on Droop Mountain, Greenbrier county, Monday, January 17, 1910. Deceased was never married. He is survived by three sisters, Miss Nancy Kellison, Mrs. Margaret Cutlip and Mrs. Sallie Rogers. He was a Confederate soldier in the 19th Virginia Cavalry, a member of Captain McNeel's company.

Every Citizen a Soldier.

The famous "Dick Law" which nationalizes the militia organizations of the various states by placing them upon the same footing as the regular army in case of war, went into effect last Friday. The law was framed by Senator Charles Dick, of Ohio, and was originally passed by congress in 1903, and was intended to become operative at once. It was soon apparent that the various states could not change the systems in vogue so readily, and it was decided that the law should go into effect in 1908. The five years, however, did not prove sufficient for some states, notably Pennsylvania and Delaware, to prepare for the change, so the time was once more extended to January 21, 1910.

The law provides that the militia shall consist of every able bodied male citizen of the United States whether native born or of foreign extraction, who is more than 18 and under 45 years of age, and that they shall be divided into two classes; the organized militia and the reserved militia. The regularly enlisted organized and uniformed companies of National Guard which participate in the annual apportionment from the government, shall be designated as the organized militia, and shall from now on have the same organization, armament and discipline as that prescribed for the regular army of the United States, subject in times of peace to such general exceptions as may be authorized by the secretary of war.

When ever the country is invaded or threatened with invasion by a foreign power, or a rebellion against the authority of the government, it is lawful for the President to call forth such number of militia as he may deem necessary, specifying in the call the length of time such service is required.

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Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Hevner, of Pocahontas county, have returned to their home. Mrs. Hevner has been a patient at the Hinton Hospital for several weeks.—W. H. Lincolnhooker, who is holding a position at Marlinton, returned to that city this morning, after a visit with friends in this city.—Hinton News.

R. C. Slaughter, of Alderson, says the Advertiser, is an avowed candidate for the Senate, to succeed Alex McVeigh Miller

The White Sulphur Fish Hatchery.

"The White Sulphur Springs hatchery," says United State Fish Commissioner Bowers, who has just been reappointed after twelve years of service, "is one of the best hatcheries we have. Through some properties of air or water, the fish in that hatchery become larger in the same length of time than in any other hatchery we have. They grow rapidly, are gamer than any other point and are considered among the best of all our inland fish."

This is from the head of the commission which last year "planted" three billion, one hundred and seventy-two million fish. Twelve years ago the service planted 568,000,000 fish a year at a cost of \$400 a million. Now Twelve years ago, the service they plant 3,172,000,000 at cost of \$148 a million.

At the White Sulphur Springs hatchery, only rainbow and brook trout, some bass and a few other fish are hatched, and it is one of the most satisfactory stations in the country.

Johnson Law Constitutional

Because he toted a pistol along the shores of the Ohio river while in West Virginia, John E. Wilde, a Cleveland Detective, must serve a term of nine months in the Brooks county jail and pay a fine of \$200. In the Brooks county circuit court yesterday afternoon Judge Frank W. Nesbitt handed down a very important decision in this case, which was appealed from the justice shop. In handing down his decision Judge Nesbitt held that the Johnson "pistol toting" law was constitutional and that a justice of the peace had the right to try and sentence a man on this charge. He also held that the indictment was perfect. This decision has settled a very important question regarding the "Johnson pistol toting" law. Throughout West Virginia a large number of cases have been appealed to test the law, claiming that it is not constitutional when tried by a justice.

Wilde was arrested several months ago and tried before Squire G. E. Wood, of Follansbee, charged with carrying a pistol while in this state looking for a prisoner. He was found guilty and given nine months in jail and fined \$200. The case was appealed to the circuit court. Judge Nesbitt reserved his decision until yesterday. The Cleveland detective must now serve his jail sentence unless it is appealed to a higher court.

The county and circuit clerks who were planning to contest the constitutionality of the salary act recently passed by the legislature, have decided to abandon their fight against the tax commissioner. An opinion rendered by the prominent law firm of Brown-Jackson & Knight stated that the act of the legislature was constitutional.

Keyser, W. Va.—An entirely new thing in the way of farming is under process of development here by Stuart Arnold. He is fencing in several acres of rough land east of town and will stock it with pole cats.